The Journal in the Suburbs.

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

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The Sunday Journal has double the circu-

lation of any Sunday paper in Indiana. Price five cents.

THE mass of intelligent people in Indianapolis say to all combines: "Hands off of the public schools!"

THERE is more need for a Board of Schools than there is for a Board of Public Works or a Board of Public Safety.

INDICATIONS multiply that the people of this country are concluding that they desire the best kind of a dollar in all the markets of the world.

THE crash in the New York stock market Thursday did not touch the confidence of the general business of the which is based upon actual

Those clergymen who wrote letters of condolence to a liberal church member who lost his millions in an attempt to corner corn, owe it to the public to explain the difference between putting up money on a hand of cards and risking it on an attempt to control the price of an article of food.

THE charge that "the Indianapolis School Board is the rottenest institution in this town" and that "it has become an excrescence on the body-politic" is made for partisan purposes. The animus of the charge appears in the demand for the abolition of the board and placing the schools under the control of the city government. The object is to turn the schools into a political machine. This movement must be met at the threshold, and the friends of the schools must rally to their defense.

THE lown State Register says that at the great Republican meeting held at Ottumwa, where Major McKinley spoke, tons of cornstalks were brought in by the farmers, and it looked as if the headwere to be turned into an establishment for furnishing fodder for a gigantic herd of short-horns. Every man had his jack-knife and soon whittled a cape, and when the parade was ready to start every Republican was shouting and waving his cornstalk. This was a good symbol of Republican pros-

QUOTING the opinion of the mugwump Springfield (Mass.) Republican to the effect that Dr. Wyeth's attack on Camp Morton is sustained by credible witnesses, and expressing the opinion that there was a lack of food for the rebel prisoners, in spite of the official record that it was furnished and issued, the Atlanta Constitution adds that "in the course of a few years the Northern histories of the war will be thrust aside." Perhaps so; but not for what Dr. Wyeth has presented or what a mugwump paper indorses.

Now that Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, has returned from Europe with renewed health, it may be assumed that his trial. as it is called, will begin soon. There does not seem to be much ground for misunderstanding regarding the issue. The questions to be considered are: Is the Bible wholly inspired? Is future punishment eternal, or is there a chance for heathen, either in New York or China, after death? Dr. Briggs has said that the literal text of the Bible is not inspired truth, and that there may be a chance in the future life for those who died unregenerate. The creed of the Presbyterian Church maintains the absolute infallibility of the Bible and the eternal punishment of the unrighteous. This being the case, the retention of Rev. Dr. Briggs as a teacher in a Presbyterian theological seminary and as a preacher in the church is synonymous to a retraction of the Westminster Confession and of the cardinal doctrines of

the Presbyterian Church. A RECENT cablegram stated that Russia wanted her naval cadets to learn the navigation of the Danube, with a view to surmounting the difficulties of the "Iron Gates." These have historic interest and have figured in various passages of European history. They are a series of gorges, or narrows, accompanied by rapids, covering an extent of about sixty miles. Above and below them the Danube is navigable, but the gates have never been passed. During the first century of the Christian era the built a causeway along the banks of the river, in this part of its course, the remains of which are yet visible. It was a great work and intended as a kind of land route or portage | duties of a correct interpreter. In 1833 | merit. The boys thus brought into | when our eyes are open, and why expect

the last century efforts have been made or plans proposed to improve the cataracts or construct a canal around them. and finally, after many conferences, the Hungarian Minister of Public Works, in 1889, organized a bureau and began the work. The contractors are to complete it in 1895. The Danube is really an international river, as it traverses several different nationalities, and the improvement of the Iron Gates is prosecuted by Austro-Hungary under a stipulation of the Berlin Congress, adopted in 1878.

WOMEN IN CHURCH COUNCILS.

The Journal's correspondent, who gives on another page of this issue a remarkably interesting account of the coming Methodist Ecumenical Council, its purpose, character and make-up, expresses regret that of the five hundred delegates who will represent the Methodist bodies of the world, none, so far as known, are women. These councils are gatherings of comparatively recent date, and are formally bound by none of the customs, traditions and laws that so hamper the action of the church in other matters where women are concerned. There was nothing save the force of custom or prejudice to prevent the selection of women to serve among the delegates, and in view of the growing liberality of feeling in regard to the position of women in many branches of Methodism it is perhaps rather strange that not one was chosen a representative of a church which so many women are factors. The incompleteness of the so-called rep-

resentation is evident from the fact that delegates are appointed on a basis of the numerical strength of the different branches, with some modifications in cases of weaker churches. Counting all the sects that class themselves as followers of Wesley, it is estimated that the Methodists of the world aggregate five million members. Considerably more than half of these are women, it is safe to say, and the injustice of permitting none of these millions to appear in council save as spectators is manifest to all fair-minded persons. The women the Methodist Church enjoy much more freedom within certain limits than is permitted to the women of most other denominations, and it is reasonable to believe that some of those who have spent their years in missionary labors, temperance and evangelistic work, might serve wisely and acceptably in councils. The fear of the Journal's correspondent that the omission to select female delegates to this body will have an injurious bearing upon the movement now in progress to admit women to the General Conference is, however, hardly justified. That movement is too well under way, as reports from the yearly conferences show from day to day. Women have had a long struggle for equal privileges with men in the church, and their strongest opposition has come from the pulpit. Little by little they have made headway, and now that they have so far overcome prejudice and jealousy that ministers are voting for their admission to the General Conference, they may well feel that the battle is more than half won. The element represented by Dr. Buckley is still active against them, not because entrance to the conference is of itself so objectionable, but because of its possible revolutionary effects. Once in the conference, Dr. Buckley fears the sisters will not stop until they demand admission to the pulpit, and-awful thought! - perhaps to the bishoprics. Touching this point, the Northwestern

Christian Advocate has this to say: When in our connectional church it is nade clear that a given weman can be made available as a pastor in every charge in a given conference, and in all annual conferences, we are ready to vote for her admission and ordination-a rigid test which we cannot apply to every man. When the church deliberately declares its conviction that a woman can serve use fully and with universal acceptance in all our conferences as a bishop, she shall go upon our list of possible candidates if we happen to be in that general conference. The preference of the church should be our guide. The voice of a true church is the voice of God. No woman should be re-

This is manly and sensible, and is apparently the view that is being taken by the majorities in local conferences. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of admitting women to political equality, the idea that she has a right to a voice in the government of the church, of which she is the chief support, is rapidly gaining ground.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Reason as well as revelation teaches that the world will some time come to an end. Nothing but God and eternity will last forever. Science teaches that the earth we inhabit will, at some far distant period, become uninhabitable. When that time comes there will be an end of the human race, and, eventually, after other ages have elapsed, an end of the world itself. Perhaps Shakspeare saw this vision when he spoke of he cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, he solemn temples, the great globe itself; ea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

nd, like this unsubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. No scientist doubts that the world will some time come to an end. Such a

finale is the logical conclusion of the law of evolution and progress. Revelation, or if one may coin phrase, theological science teaches the same lesson on this subject as natural science, though, perhaps, not as clearly. Natural science indicates in some degree. how the end of the world will probably come about, though it indicates nothing as to the time when that event will occur. Revelation sheds little or no light on either the manner or the time. All efforts to forecast the event are based on the prophecies of the Scriptures, and these are so figurative and vague as to

occupation for many persons and the basis of all theories in regard to the end of the world. Among the students and assumed interpreters of the prophecies have been some ignorant men and some very learned ones. William Miller, founder of the sect once called "Millerites," was a Massachusetts farmer of limited education. Though a great student of the Scriptures, he was not equipped for the lesson of equality and of individual

admit of various interpretations or none

at all. Their study and attempted in-

terpretation has furnished fascinating

ond coming of Christ, and announced that, according to the prophecies, the earth would be destroyed in 1842. Even the day was specified, if not by himself, by many of his followers. He had a considerable following, and his predictions caused great excitement among a certain class of people. The craze extended all over the country, even reaching what were then far Western districts. Traveling lecturers and preachers traversed the country, preaching wherever they could get audiences, and circulating papers devoted to the cause. One of these was called the "Midnight Cry." Lectures and sermons of this were delivered in this town and great interest was aroused. As the time approached which was fixed for the end of all things it happened that a large comet appeared in the heavens, and its vast train, sweeping across the sky with portentous aspect. added to the general alarm. Some persons even went so far as to prepare their "ascension robes," attired in which they sat by open windows or on house tops awaiting the crack of doom. Miller attributed the failure of his prophecy to an error in his calculations and continued to predict the end of the world as long as he lived, the date being fixed in 1847 and 1848. He died in 1849. Since his death the time has been variously fixed in 1858, 1866, and one or two other years. The Mormons fixed it in 1890, but, like the rest, failed to bring it

"Millerism" was the beginning and foundation of the religious sect called Second Adventists, which has continued to find supporters ever since Miller's death. The Adventists have a number of churches and some zealous preachers. In 1880 they numbered 15,570 members and 144 ministers. They have two or three newspaper organs, and publish a good deal of religious literature. During | Men who were rich on Wednesday saw the last few years they have been sending missionaries to European countries.

Many orthodox and learned Christians have believed, and do believe, in the second coming of Christ, and in the establishment of His spiritual kingdom on earth during a long period, commonly called the millennium. This belief has prevailed in the Christian church from a very early period, and has been the subject of a vast amount of learned discussion. It may almost be called an accepted tenet of the Christian church. Although attempts to fix the date are generally disapproved, now and then some learned and devout Christian essays to do so, basing his prediction on the prophecies.

One of the most eloquent and impressive among the early preachers of this city, a man still well remembered by old residents, was a firm believer in the early second coming of Christ, and used to preach powerful prophetic sermous on the subject. This was the Rev. Dr. McClung, for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, when it stood on the Circle, where the present Journal office stands. He was a profound student of the prophecies, and gave to the subject all the powers of a very acute mind. He went from here to a Northwestern city, and finally committed suicide. It was thought by many that his studies of the prophecies caused him to become insane. It is doubtful if any good has ever come from an attempt to fix the date of the end of the world. Practically, and for all intents and purposes, it comes to every person when he or she dies, so it is always near to every human being.

THE BEST LESSON OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

An exchange recently contained a labored article designed to show the superiority of the private school over the public in that the instructors in the former could study the peculiarities of children and adapt their instruction to individual requirements, while, in the public school, there can be but one system of instruction for all. It was also urged that the private school would protect children from the evils which come from an association with classes, as the writer put it. That is, the writer saw in the best features of the public school system grave objections; for its best feature is that it teaches the fundamental lesson of that equality upon which our institutions rest. The public school is the school of the masses, and, in a country which cannot, in its government and political institutions, recognize classes, that school is the best in which the children of the rich and the poor, of the cultured and the ignorant are brought together and taught the first lesson of our political. economic and social system. There can be no means by which these artificial distinctions which can be most harmful under a republican form of government can be obliterated as in the public school, where all children, and particularly all boys, sit in the same schoolroom, stand in the same classes, and are taught the same lessons by the same teachers. There could scarcely be more effective agency devised to destroy the Republic than to recognize classes in primary education. Boys who enter the public schools together are sure to learn the first great lesson of human equality. The "up-town" boy finds his chum in the "down-town" urchin. In their mutual attachment, and even in the occasional fistic contentions, which schoolboys always have, they come to ignore the artificial difference which position and better fortune would make. The best boy leads, regardless of the street upon which he lives or the clothes he wears. Nice mothers are often disgusted because their better-clothed boy brings home Tom, Dick and Harry, or seeks their company whenever he has an afternoon of his own; but the son is wiser than his parent. He is, without knowing it, learning the characteristics of those who are to be his fellow-citizens in after-life, learning to respect in them what is manly, even if he does catch their slang and learn of their rough ways, which they are no more likely to have than other boys. This sort of teaching by promiscuous association may have its disadvantages, but they are nothing compared with its

advantages, the chief of which is the

remember each other in after life. They are often mutually helpful, or they may be the reverse, but they will never forget that they are of the same people and have the same rights. The public school is invaluable as a general educator, but if it had noother ground upon which to base its demand for public support, it could find ample reason in the fact that it brings children of all conditions together and teaches them the allimportant lesson of human equality.

THE break in the New York stock

market last Thursday, on the anniversary of black Friday, Sept. 24, 1869, recalls the fact that the man who was chiefly instrumental in that panic on Wall street is wholly responsible for the disaster of the past week. There was nothing in the situation to cause a break in the market. Trunk lines are sure of an unprecedented business, and all the conditions were favorable to sustain a "bull" market. Jay Gould, who has retired from the street so many times, was in the market as a "bear," selling for future delivery. It is said that his losses would have reached \$5,000,000 had he not been able to break the market. This he did by causing the report to be made that the earnings of the Missouri Pacific had been disappointing that in consequence the dividend falling due very soon would neither be reduced nor passed but action would be indefinitely postponed. This was a surprise, as it was generally believed that the road is doing a very large business. Such a report would not have affected the market if trading had been confined to values, but, as it is not, it produced great excitement, which resulted in a decline of 912 points and a break along the whole line of stocks. making losses aggregating millions. their fortunes disappear in the reaction which the Gould appoundement caused. going to increase the millions of "the Wizard," Many cursed Gould, but such fulminations do not affect him. He can absolutely control the speculative stock market of the country whenever he chooses. It is said by those who ought to know that there is no good reason for postponing the Missouri Pacific dividend, and that Mr. Gould may yet declare it when it suits his plans. The stock market seems to be the best place in the world to avoid while Jay Gould controls it.

THE State fair which has just closed was probably the best in point of at tendance and receipts of any ever held, but it was not above the average in point of attractions. There is necessarily a great deal of sameness in these annual fairs, and, unless the managers exert themselves to supply attractions and keep up the interest, they will cease to draw. Even the rural population will eventually tire of coming to see a repetition of the display of farm products and live stock. They like to come to Indianapolis at least once a year to see the city, the crowd and other sights. and the State fair furnishes a good opportunity. They are the principal pa trons of the fair, and they ought to be given a good show for their money. To do this the fair should be made more attractive by the addition of popular features, and should be brightened up in various ways. It is to be hoped the board will lose no time in securing larger and better grounds and laying their plans for next year's fair on a scale that will insure satisfact. on.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

It Would Appear So "Ah! It seemed that my remarks were wholl; mealled for," commented the author when his essays came back to him by way of the dead-let-

ter office. She Will Learn, Though, "What was the trouble at young Fitts's house this morning?" "Fitts was trying to organize a bread riot, so

ny wife says." The Corps de Ballet. "Is it true that your English friend was put out of the theater last night!" "It is. He tried to recall the ballet by shouting 'nen corps!' 'hen corps!' and they made a

personal matter of it." "I et us talk this over calmly as between man and man," said the fellow who wanted to make "It is a good deal of a concession for me

At this point actual hostilities developed. Three Black Crows. "Say, did you gather these bones yourself," asked the junk-dealer, suspicious'y. "Naw," said the small boy. "Dey're me gran'

make," began the other, "but -."

mudder's." And from t :: t small germ grew the alleged sensation that caused nine reporters to waste twenty-seven hours of valuable time.

Unconsidered Trifles. Perhaps Mr. Melbourne, the rain-maker, is a

"The King of Italy is playued by Uranus. says Zadkiel. You did well to tell us so, Zadkiel. assuming, of course, that Uranus-t in your belief.

THE case of the Rev. John Benson, whose unfortunate propensity to use improper language while asleep so nearly led to his enforced retirement from the active ministry, should excite the deep sympathy of all humane persons-of all persons, in fact, who would not themselves like to be held responsible for any acts committed when in the bonds of slumber. It is sometimes asserted that the behavior of a man under the influence of strong drink, laughing gas or certain drugs is an indication of his true character, but it has never before been charged that the actions of a somnambulist, the mutterings of the dreamer were betraya's of the innermost man. To establish such a rule would to brand the average individual as a plain case of idiot. Who would not object to the inference that his mind was loose-jointed and feeble because he babbled meaningless things in his sleep? Who would not protest against the assumption that because be emitted insane and blood-curdling howls while in the distressing condition known as nightmare that he was therefore addicted to convivial habits when awake, or was of a quarrelsome, even murderous, disposition! Elder Benson was able to defy his enemies to prove that he had ever used bad words or committed objectionable deeds when awake, and if the devil got the upper hand of him in sleep, and led him to utter naughty speeches, how could Elder Benson help it, out of personal control, as his senses were! It is as much as the best of us can do to tight Satan successfully around the gates. At intervals during | he began to lecture on the speedy sec- | close association in the public schools | more than this of a minister? It is gratify-

ing to know that a majority of church brethren voted against the retirement of the Elder, taking the position that the offensive remarks said to have been made by him when sleeping were, under the circumstances out of the pale of professional criticism. To establish a different precedent might lead eventually to ministerial disbarment for the offense of snoring, and, though this vice does justify harsh measures, no body of men can yet be found ready to discipline those addicted to it. It would probably tend to parochial peace of mind if Elder Benson could occupy a double-walled, ear-proof mansion when taking his repose, but, since this is not practicable, it is well for his people to know that he has a right, free of interference, to speak right out whatever the evil one puts into his head at night. If he is pious in the daytime they need make no

criticisms. A PHILADELPHIA clergyman has distinguished himself among his brethren by advising a young runaway couple to postpone their marriage. As the story goes, the couple came to his study one afternoon, and the expectant bride waited there while the young man went out to secure the license, of whose necessity he had not previously known. During his absence the minister kindly questioned the girl and soon learned that she was the only child of wealthy parents, that she was about to go to California for a year, and that her lover, a medical student, had persuaded her to have the marriage ceremony secretly performed in order that he might fear no rivals in her absence. The minister pointed out to her the advantage she was taking of her father and mother, the manner in which both she and her intended trammeled. would be finally perhaps embarrassed. urged upon her the advisability of a frank and open course of behavior and a marriage from her father's home. The girl agreed to this, and, much to the surprise of the minister, speedily brought the young man to her view upon his return. They then separated and went their ways. This was eighteen months ago, and last week that minister received an invitation to the wedding of the pair at her father's Virginia home. The action of this clergyman is one that other ministers might follow with advantage to all concerned. In this case no great ill might have resulted from the clandestine marriage, but such affairs are too often followed by a train of ills. The minister who is conscientions in the discharge of his duties must realize that he is, in a measure, responsible for such results, since, by a little advice, he might have averted them. The divorce evil is loudly bewailed from the pulpit, but if ministers were less careless of their responsibility in marrying the men and women who present themselves, and were possibly less anxious for fees, the number of divorces would, no doubt, be greatly lessened. It should not be enough for the clergyman asked to marry a runaway couple to inquire about the legal age and

THE Toledo Blade says black bass fishing at North Bass and Put-in Bay is good this year, though it is early yet. The best time is after there have been two or three frosts and the water has begun to get cool. The Blade adds:

Fall fishing has been commenced by Toledo fish men, but as yet the catch has been light, and until there is a storm they do not expect to do much business. Among the fish caught is a good sprinkling of white bass, an excellent fish for food, as well as a vigorous biter at the book. This variety of fish for the past few years has been scarce, the cause being the destruction of the fish by a parasite which killed them in large numbers. It was feared for a time that the white bass would become extruct, but last year it was observed that they were increasing in numbers, and this season it is evident that they are no longer attacked by parasites, and that they are increasing in numbers quite rapidly. In the river they in former years afforded great sport o line fishermen, but within the past five or six years it was rarely that any were caught. Net fishermen say that they will in a few years be as plentiful as everbefore. Some black bass have been brought to the fish houses, but the number caught will not be large, in nets, until the water

STATISTICS of the postal service in New York city give some idea of its magnitude. There are now eighteen branch postoffices in the city, many of which handle nearly as much business as the main office. These branch offices are a result of the subdivision of the work. The Produce Exchange branch alone keeps forty-seven carriers busy all the time and handles an average of eight million pieces of mail matter per month. Thirty-seven clerks are kept busy sorting it for distribution to the carriers. A large part of the mail matter for different parts of the city does not go to the main office at all, being handled and distributed at the branch offices. There are nine deliveries of mail by carriers during business hours in the busiest parts of the city, and arrangements are on foot to make them even more frequent.

THE honor of being the oldest man in Indiana probably belongs to a resident of Cannelton. Philip Rau is his name, and he was 102 years old on the 15th inst. He is German by birth, and retains a distinct recollection of many historic events which occurred early in the present century. He has never worn glasses and still reads without them, and carries his great age more lightly than many persons much vounger. Up to the time that he was 101 years old he carried daily meals from his home to the cotton factory, a distance of a mile and a half.

ANXIOUS, Wabash, Ind.: A letter addressed to a resident of any city with carrier service who is in the habit of receiving mail should be delivered to him whether his street number is given in the address or not. Carriers are expected to be familiar with the names of residents along their routes, and letters without complete address are turned over to them for deliv-

"PROFESSOR" FOSTER, an alleged weather prophet of Missouri, predicts a series of heavy storms during early in October, followed by killing frosts and other storms, which will usher in an early and severe winter. He bases his prediction on planetary movements and astronomical conditions. The Journal gives them for what The Corn's Soliloguy

Talk is talk. But it takes heat to ripen corn. If people want corn meal. Corn-cakes, corn-dodgers, Hasty pudding and flap-jacks, They must sweat for them. You cannot eat your cake, And have it, too; No more can you have your corn And not perspire. If I can stand it, you can. To sweat is noble, and To perspire is divine. But enough is enough. And I know when I am ripe. Though food for bogs, I am no hog myself. The corn crop is made. No frost can harm and No blight can hurt it. The corn is fully ripe, Therefore, I am content, Turn off the heat.

the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal Print the best record of Maud 8. On July 30, 1885, at Glenville, O., Maud S.,

accompanied by a running mate, trotted a mile in 2:084. This is her fastest record.

WASTE-BASKET POETRY.

People who have had no opportunity to become acquainted with the scribbling propensities of their fellow-beings and who are complacently conscious of having no weaknesses of that nature themselves have been heard to express doubts as to the actual occurrence and annual recurrence of spring floods of poetry of which editors sometimes speak, and also of the perpetual flow of verse that at all seasons pours into their sanctums and threatens to overwhelm them. It is merely a newspaper pleasantry, a publishers' fiction, say these persons who don't know, and who, instead of impugning editorial veracity, might find corroborative evidence of all that has said about the verse-writing mania by simply interrogating their associates, their friends and neighbors, their merest acquaintances-no matter who, since everybody, or next to everybody, writes or, at some time, has written verses. Questioned skillfully and in sympathetic tone, your friend, the dignified judge, will confess that at one time he had 'something of a turn for poetry;" the staid mother of a family will show you her scrapbook, where are carefully pasted some school-girl rhymes that were printed in the county paper, along with the editorial announcement that "we have in our midst a poetess who promises to be a second Mrs. Browning, and undoubtedly has a great literary future." Even your grocer, properly approached, may be induced to acknowledge that he once had literary aspirations, and was a master hand at putting words together so they jungled. Feel no surprise if your wash-lady owns to the impeachment, and coyly repeats rhymes that she has composed in happier, or, at least, more leisurely hours. Should you be so fortunate as to secure the fullest confidence of these now mute, or, at all events, inglorious Miltons, you will learn | tions are merely a few samples of the grist that each cherishes the conviction that but | that comes to the Journal's mill. Let those for untoward circumstance that checked | who read them no longer question the the budding talent he or she might have | versatility of Hoosier bards nor doubt the gained literary name and fame. blame the fate that called them to prosaic tasks and left no time for poetic musings. Some berate the editors to whom their efforts were submitted for their failure to recognize merit, and their cruel propensity to cast gems into the hopeless depths of the waste-basket. Much vituperation is aimed at the unhappy editor, who, it is apparently supposed by disappointed contributors of rejected manuscripts, is animated rather by a desire to increase the office stock of waste-paper and to crush young genius, than by a desire to create demand for his paper. From the stand-point of the unsuccessful contributors this is not an unreasonable opinion, since writers of bad verse are naturally not discriminating judges of the merit of theirown productions as compared with those of others that do get printed. The distinction between poetry and rhyme is one not clearly comprehended by the makers of rhyme. Editors bear up with serenity under the abuse that is heaped upon them, supported as they are by the firm belief that genius, especially of the poetic variety, cannot be crushed, but will

rise in spite of all discouragement. But it does not follow that all who write verses which miss the something that "never was on sea or land" that is an gredient in genuine poetry, are therefore unmoved by genuine sentiment. Although the writer of a poem on "The Wind," contributed to the Journal, is a little weak as to spelling, and her metrical ability has limitations, who shall deny that her soul soars toward the illimitable. Hear her:

The whispering breezes bring to me memories Of other days and smiles and teers. Of faces fair we near may see again.

The cheery voices, the pleasant smile has van The laughing eyes are closed for aye. The wind wafts its messages on wings of time Carrying with it its momentums of the past, But ask of the vailed future

Hy it rises above the tree-tops roaring, Then dyes away in a tremulous sobbing moan Another aspiring rhymester sends some verses describing the efforts of an aged colored person to secure money enough to buy a coffin for himself. The author assures the Journal that the poem deserves to be seen in print, as it is so tender and full of pathos, and will "at once elicit a wide-awake interest in its reading." The supplicant sings:

Open out your hart, kine naber, An' your sole a little sofen, To help dis pore ole colored chile

To buy himself an humble cofen. A male contributor has had hard luck me sort. Reading between the lines it impossible to tell whether he has indorsed a note for a friend who can't pay, or whether his chum has "cut him out" with his the poet's best girl. He bewails the pitfalls of friendship in several stanzas, of which this is the first:

I know not what the world may be. All things seem strange and far to me; For, since I have nor hopes nor fears, Why should I struggle on for years
To gain the friendship of few friend
Who may turn traitors in the end.

It will be noticed that the exigencies of rhyme demand the sacrifice of grammar in the line next to the last, but such trifles are not allowed to trammel the hand of the poet, who refuses to join the ranks of those who would make themselves slaves to lan-

The "Wife of a Traveling man" expresses sweet faith in her husband that the less trustful wives of other traveling men may well strive to emulate. Reading a package of letters from her beloved, she indulges in some rhapsodies over their precious pages, and exclaims:

He says I am the best little woman That heaven ever gave man. And to always make his life happy I will do the best I can.

He takes me in his arms and tells me All he lives for now is one being And that is his dear little wife. Sweet, isn't it? and free from suspicion

that the beloved one, when on his travels. may be a bold, bad man with flirtation in his eye. Some pious verses come with a note say-

ing. "My object in writing them was not to seek mine own but God's glory, and, although the versality is not perfect the Scriptural quotations are. Please correct mistakes and supply missing ponctuation. If you publish send me a copy and by return mail I will send the money in advance for a year's subscription to the Weskly.' Notwithstanding this tempting bribe the inability of the editor to spend time in supplying missing punctuation causes the contribution to go into the waste-basket.

An Indianapolis poet who feels himself inspired with a spark of prophetic fire offers some "Lines to the Bicycle," which open with this startling proposition: Divided skirts have come to stay

Until reduced to woven tights. For art and nature's better way Will save the sex from being frights "Clotho" addresses some despairing verses to one who had evidently learned to love Another:

He promised; but oh, sweet deceiving word! O gay and faithless race of men! Scarce but a line from him i've ever heard Although I've looked and looked again.

in some better place above Our mothers say we'll meet again;

And if we should both gain that home of love Oh, God ! my boy, what then, what then ! And echo answers, or would if not choked in the smothering waste-basket.

"I give it up." A youth who is evidently a near relative of the "Guardian Angel's" "Gifted Hop-

kins," writes; I know a maiden. She's debonair, With ravishing eyes and witching hair, And oh, that she were my solitaire! For I love her with a passion rare. Does she love me !

How, indeed? An Anderson bard contributes an "Ode a Bunch of Flowers:" This bunch of flowers from thy hand

How can it be !

Is more than I expected And I can scarcely understand Why I should be respected By one who'es eyes in rapture bound Who'es charms and gentle graces Cannot be found the whole world round In forty thousand faces.

He is a little confused by circumstances. but the idea is there somewhere. An anonymous contributor is in a melancholy and reflective mood:

As I gaze me up at the peaceful sky Whar the tall mill reared her head An' see naught now of the winders high, I wisht I was still and dead!

But he still lives. Then comes the young man who has never been out of the interior of Indiana with a batch of nautical poems. It is a singular propensity inland dwellers have for writing about the breaking waves, the whitewinged barks, the sea-gull's cry, and so on. Perhaps it is a proof that they possess the

powerful imaginations of true poets. The Anneke Jans heirs have a poet who boldly proclaims the family pedigree and demands possession of the coveted millions. Old soldiers are frequently moved to the composition of war lyrics that, though filled with patriotism, are, unfortunately, too uncertain in their feet for presentation to the public. The persons who attempt to write "dialect" and succeed in producing only bad spelling, are the most frequent contributors and the most afflicting of all to the editorial soul. The foregoing quotaword of the editor when he declares that the paper is seldom in need of rhymes "to

One more choice selection closes out the lot on hand. Read these two stanzas from "Lines to the Republican Party:"

My grand old party thee. from weakness always free. Thy name I love. love thy tariff billis That cures all free-trade fils And swells the Nation's tills Like that above.

My party came to stay. Let come whatever may, We intend to be n ninety-two on top. Without a single flop, And we ne'er intend to stop Short of victory.

The grammar in these verses may wabble in spots, but the sentiment, that's-all-right and what more do you want?

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

IT excited favorable comment in Sar Francisco that ex-Senator Fair attende his wife's funeral. Only a few intimato friends were admitted to the house; and, in spite of the estrangement between him and Mrs. Fair, he was among the first to arrive.

THE money of Chili at present is peculiar. It consists of small tags of pasteboard, on which a man writes the value for which he is willing to redeem it, putting his name on the back. It then begins to circulate until it finally gets back to the source from which it emenated.

MRS. GEORGIA A. BROWN made a notable divorce record in Oakland, Cal., a few days ago. She filed her complaint on Tuesday morning, the summons was served on Wednesday, on Thursday her husband put in a frivolous answer, on Friday theanswer was stricken out and the decree was granted on the same afternoon

INGALLS'S price for a lecture is \$500. A school superintendent who wanted the Kansan to talk to his boys wrote back, on hearing the terms, that Blaine and Bis marck are the only two men in the world he'd pay half a thousand dollars to for such a service. Bismarck, by the way, is one

man the lyceum agents are afraid of. THE very newest Gladstone story is to the effect that the Grand Old Man went into a bookstore with Lord Roseberry recently, and, after making a number of

purchases, exclaimed, "Gad, I must leave this shop or I shall be ruined." The expletive is unlike the usual chips, however, from the famous old wood-chopper's con-The report comes from Washington that

Gen. Wade Hampton's health has begun to fail. A correspondent who saw the old warrior last week says his feeble and uncertain gait surprised him. General Hampton is now over seventy years of age. He but it is now begining to give way under the burden of years.

THE Princess Ludwig, of Bavaria, gave birth, a few days ago, to her thirteenth child. Twelve of her children are living. The Princess is the daughter of Duke Ferdinand, of Modens, and an archduchess of Austria. She was born in 1849, and was married in 1868. No other royal princess in Europe is the mother of so many children as this popular Bavarian lady.

CHIEF MAYS, the head of authority among the Cherokees, is a large, broadshouldered man, with a big head and intelligent face. There are few indications in him of his Indian blood. His hair is darkbrown, and the lower part of his face is covered with a short brown beard. He dresses in citizen's clothes and talks English as well and as volubly as a Congress-

MRS. HALLE T. DILLON, M. D. (colored). daughter of Bishop B. T. Tanner, is not only the first colored woman physician, but the first woman of any race to pass the Alabama State medical examination. It was a written examination, and an unusually severe one, occupying ten days. Dr. Dillon, after passing with a high average. now occupies the place of resident physician at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute

MISS MARY HOWE, the talented soprano. is shortly to appear in New York and elsewhere with Mr. Walter Damrosch in the oratorio "The Messiah." Miss Howe has been spending the summer in the mountains of Vermont, and has added quite extensively to her repertoire. She very recently sang at a musicale at Mr. Vanderbilt's Newport home, and her singing was a most successful feature of the occasion.

JOSEPH SAVORY, the Lord Mayor of London, is a man of very simple and unaffected manner. His attire is that of an ordinary English gentleman, with a noticeable absence of wigs and ermine. He is of medium stature and a little past middle age. An merican who visited him in his official partments recently was received in a very cordial way by the Lord Mayor, who chatted with him with an appearance of great interest.

MAJOR MCKINLEY spoke in Lynchburg. O., last Tuesday, and while there was shaved. Two days later the Labor candidate addressed a meeting there, and patronized the same barber shop. When Mr. Seitz was leaving he handed the barber a dime and said: "This is for shaving the next Governor of Ohio." "I gness you are mistaken, sir," was the quick reply. shaved the next Governor of Ohio last Tues-

day, and he gave me a dollar. THERE has recently been a discussion in some of the papers as to whether any British statesman was ever killed by hard work. Putting aside Pitt and Canning. who are the statesmen invariably mentioned in support of the contention, it is a fact that in 1846 Sir Robert Peel told the Queen he would never again take office because he could not forket and worry had made Lord Castlereagh a maniac and Lord Liverpool an idiot.